THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1809.

MRS. MARY ANN CLARK.

She has beauty, which buds and blooms,
Like a fair opening flower;
But pois'nous adders lurk beneath its shade,
And from such briars shoots this lovely rose,
It *wounds* the *hand* which it *invites* to pluck it.

IN presenting our fair readers with a portrait of this meretricious female, we seek to gratify the general curiosity, which recent transactions have inspired, and to bring forward a striking example of the insufficiency of personal charms to command respect or esteem, when unsupported by the dignity of virtue. To investigate closely, particulars replete with infamy, would be both irksome and indelicate; we shall therefore leave that office to the public prints, which are not under the decorous restraint that we think proper to observe in such cases; and shall merely give a brief outline of the lady's history, with such observations as must necessarily occur on the occasion. The father of

this celebrated favourite of royalty, was a Mr. Farquhar, a native of Aberdeen. He was bred a printer, and worked in the house of Mr. Hughes. Miss Farquhar was a sprightly clever girl, and used to assist him in reading the proofs which he corrected. A son of Mr. Day, who had the management of the business, taking a peculiar interest in their affairs, and knowing the inability of Farquhar to give his daughter any education, generously sent her to school for two years, where she acquired those accomplishments which have increased the fascination of her personal attractions. It was the intention of young Day to have made her his wife at the expiration of that period; but Miss Farquhar had indiscreetly formed a connection with a Mr. Clark, the son of a builder, and they were married. For three or four years they lived tolerably well together, and Mrs. Clark brought her husband three children. Clark, though bred up to the business of a stone-mason, was too idle and dissolute to pay much attention to it, and soon plunged himself and family into extreme want. It was then that the subject of our memoir first entered on a career of vice; through the usual gradations of which she might have passed unnoticed, had not her baneful influence extended to lengths which threatened disgrace to those high in power, and on whose honour and integrity the safety of this country depends.

In the year 1803, his Royal Highness the Duke of York took Mrs. Clark under *his protection*, gave her an establishment in Gloucester-Place, on a magnificent scale; and although *promise* might, in some instances, outstrip *performance*, immense sums were lavished on this unworthy woman, which should have been better employed.

Mrs. Clark, not finding his Royal Highness's supplies adequate to her demands, treacherously meditated the disgrace of him who had so credulously placed confidence in her; but, it is to be hoped, that her ingratitude and malice will be defeated. It is not for us to animadvert on the conduct of illustrious characters; veneration for the august

head of the family, is a sentiment which must, in great measure, check the suggestions of indignation; and however culpable the conduct of his Royal Highness may have been, as far as concerns his domestic character, it must be the anxious wish of every loyal subject to see him cleared from implications which must fix an indelible blot on his character. But to return to the subject of our memoir, we behold her beautiful, accomplished, and elegant; but her mind is disfigured by every baneful passion—licentiousness, avarice, and revenge. Her very person exposed to the insults of a resentful populace, and caricatured in every print-shop; her most secret transactions detailed without reserve in the public journals; her assertions treated with contempt; her footsteps followed with general execrations; squandering in extravagance the means of comfort, what prospect is now before her, but shame, misery, and despair. What then avail those charms and talents, which once rendered her an object of admiration and desire. Like the fell hyena, she courts but to destroy; and while with one hand she holds the cup of pleasure to the lips of the deluded wretch who falls into her snare, with the other she plunges into his breast the dagger of shame and repentance.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. XI.

BEING much pleased with the situation of some houses on the Surry side of Blackfriar's Bridge, I lately engaged apartments in one of them, and am consequently enabled to enjoy the amusing variety, without the fatiguing bustle of the tumultuous and crowded metropolis; and have also had an opportunity of making my observations on a transaction in real life, altogether novel and interesting.—

Seated one day at my window, diverting myself with the animated countenance of the eager citizen, who, released from his weekly toil of close application, and humiliating obsequiousness to every capricious customer, assumes all at once an air of independence, and hastens, in a neat one-horse chaise, to his rural retreat at Clapham, or Kennington, with his well-dressed wife, or smart housekeeper, my attention was attracted to an opposite window, at which stood a gentleman of fashionable appearance, fondling in his arms a lovely boy, apparently about two years of age; just at that moment a barouche, containing four ladies, was passing the house, the child gave a spring of joy, and clapping his hands, seemed almost ready to leap from the window. One of the ladies accidentally looked up, I saw the colour mount into her face, and, turning her head hastily aside, she endeavoured to conceal herself beneath her parasol. The gentleman had, however, observed her, and snatching the child up in his arms, he hurried away with evident agitation, to a remote corner of the room. A little surprised at the effect which this rencontre appeared to have on both the parties, my curiosity was irresistibly excited, and the window of my opposite neighbour had more attraction for me, from that instant, than any object in the road. In a short time the gentleman resumed his station, in a melancholy posture, and without the child; one hand he repeatedly pressed to his forehead, while the other grasped a miniature, which he was viewing attentively.

It just then occurred to me that I had frequently seen him in the same position, though without paying it any particular attention; and recollected that I had never once seen him quit the house. This coincidence of circumstances gave me ample room for conjecture, and I for some time bewildered myself with a variety of suppositions equally ingenious and erroneous; my man-servant entered the room as I was thus employed, and knowing him to be one who possessed an extensive stock of information on most subjects which did not concern him, I carelessly

asked if he knew the gentleman who lived opposite? "Gentleman," repeated he somewhat sarcastically, "it would be well for the city if there were fewer such gentlemen—honest tradesmen might then live." I smiled at his warmth, and required an explanation, with fewer remarks; observing, that the person in question had a respectable appearance, and by his retired manner of living, appeared a very different character from those to whom his remark might be applicable. "Why, as to that, madam," he replied, "one cannot altogether judge by appearances: you perhaps do not know that all the houses on the other side are in the rules of the King's Bench; therefore the gentleman's retirement may be more the result of necessity than choice." I was surprised at this information; yet what I had just witnessed interested me, and I felt an anxious desire to know whether the gentleman was the victim of misfortune or imprudence. "We must not censure indiscriminately," I replied, "therefore should like to know more of our neighbour; if you can obtain any information, without betraying impertinent curiosity, I shall be gratified." While I was speaking, an unusual bustle below met my ear; and, in the confusion of voices, I discovered that some accident had happened. In the hope of being serviceable, I hastened down stairs, and beheld a servant bearing a lady into the passage, who had fainted in consequence of her carriage being overturned, and no sooner did my eye rest on her companions, than I recognized the young lady who had before passed in the barouche. My bed-chamber being the nearest, she was immediately conveyed to it, the three ladies following, who I found were her mother and sisters. I rendered her all the assistance in my power, and then retired, leaving her to the care of her anxious relatives, while I inquired into the state of the carriage, which had been materially damaged by the carelessness of a brewer's drayman. As I re-entered the apartment, I heard the eldest lady say, "It is an awkward thing that we should meet with this accident just opposite

to his window; I hope he did not see us?" To which the other replied, "I should be sorry for him to have such a triumph." Just heaven! thought I, can he be a man likely to triumph in the misfortunes of a beautiful young creature like this? My feet involuntarily halted, and my astonishment was encreased to the highest degree when I heard one of the young ladies say, "My dear Hunterton, should you not like to have one kiss of your boy?" "Pshaw!" cried the other, "I should sicken at the idea of his father's caresses being still on his lips." Not chusing to remain a listener, I immediately entered, and glancing at the fair invalid, perceived on her left hand the badge of matrimony: humanity shuddered within me as I felt conviction that she was the mother of the sweet child I had beheld in my neighbour's arms. And can she be his wife, thought I—"Impossible!" The ladies having ordered a hackney coach, were preparing to depart, and made the most polite acknowledgment for the attention they had experienced; and I was more than ever determined to learn, if possible, the history of the unfortunate prisoner, for that he was unfortunate in his domestic affairs admitted not of a doubt. I did not long remain in suspence; the persevering inquisitiveness of my domestic had been successfully exerted, and from his information I am enabled to lay before my readers a tale of fashionable depravity, which requires not the aid of fiction to give it the air of a romance; for surely no mind of rectitude and sensibility will readily admit the possibility of truth being employed in a relation of events so unnatural and uncommon.

But I must defer my tale a little longer, as an affair of moment is to be decided, with the result of which I should be acquainted, that I may thereby be enabled to complete my narrative in a satisfactory manner.

QUIN AND THOMSON.

MR. QUIN was a gentleman whose humour gave life to the conversation of thousands, who perhaps never had the pleasure of seeing him: many of whom, but for the repetition of his wit, would be very dull companions; but the story that follows, does honour to his good-nature, and therefore it is here selected. Mr. Thomson*, a Scots gentleman, now universally known by his fine poems on the Seasons, on Liberty, &c. when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts, even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and upon the publication of his Seasons one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr. Quin, who had indeed read the Seasons, but had never seen their author; and, upon stricter inquiry, he was told that Thomson was in the bailiff's hands at a spunging-house in Holborn; thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, in his usual tone of voice, "you don't know me, I believe, but my name is Quin." Thomson received him politely, and said, "That though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit;" and very obligingly invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he

* This interesting story was first printed during the life-time of Mr. Thomson, and before his transcendant merits were generally known.

would excuse. Thomson made the proper reply, and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, "It is now time to enter upon business." Thomson declared he was ready to serve him, as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama.) "Sir," says Mr. Quin, "you mistake my meaning. I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. "No, by G—d," said Quin, raising his voice, "I'd be d—d before I would do that. I say I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is," (laying a bank-note of that value before him.) Thomson was astonished, and begged he would explain himself. "Why," says Quin, "I'll tell you; soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head, that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and, among the rest of my legatees, I set down the Author of the Seasons a hundred pounds; and this day hearing that you was in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it, when, perhaps, you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about." It were needless to express Thomson's grateful acknowledgments, but leave every reader to conceive them.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 75.)

MRS. COLVILLE TO HER SON, THE RIGHT HON. LORD COLVILLE.

THE commencement of your last letter, my beloved son, inspired sensations which it would be difficult to describe; and severely did I condemn myself for having imparted such intelligence of the faithless Eliza's conduct, as could have produced the deplorable effect you described; but before I had proceeded far in your epistle, I rejoiced at having performed the painful task of exposing the frailty of a being whom you once fancied free from every fault; and I now sincerely congratulate you upon having obtained such a complete ascendancy over your ill-placed affection.

As I have no longer any reason to suppose you encourage the slightest partiality for that imprudent young woman, I shall unceremoniously make you acquainted with a recent event, which astonished every person in the neighbourhood, except my sagacious self.

I have already informed you that Sir Charles Grenville had become a perfect domesticated animal in Mrs. D——'s house; but that, upon your unexpected aggrandizement, he had this alternative allowed, either to discontinue his visits, or declare his intention of making Eliza his wife. The baronet, however, avowed a distaste to matrimony; yet, I am told, had the audacity to make Mrs. D—— the most insulting proposals; and though it proved the depravity of his principles, yet, from what has followed, I fear he was, in some degree, authorized to act such a base part.

Though the present female costume does not render any protuberance in the form very perceptible, I have, for the last three months, thought Miss D——'s person very much

altered; and though I never hinted to my most intimate friend my conjectures upon the subject, I was not surprised at the circumstance which last Sunday occurred. Mrs. D—— and her daughter had for some weeks announced their intention of passing three or four months with a sister of the former, who resided in Wales; the servants were accordingly discharged, an old woman in the neighbourhood engaged to take care of the cottage, and at five o'clock on Sunday morning they set off in a post chaise. One of the horses, even whilst the luggage was affixing to the carriage, had betrayed symptoms of a restive disposition, and excited Miss D——'s apprehension; but the driver having assured the ladies he would be as gentle as a lamb the moment the vehicle was in motion, in an unlucky moment they entered it; but no sooner had the animal felt the scourge of the whip across his shoulders than he began to plunge and kick in a most alarming manner, and, after repeated efforts to disengage himself from the trammels, to which he was unaccustomed, darted forward with the rapidity of lightning—in less than five minutes threw his rider, and dashed the chaise to pieces in turning a corner; providentially he fell with the carriage, and the accident happening near the turnpike gate, the toll-man and one of his friends flew to the ladies' assistance, and by their timely interference most probably preserved their lives, for as they reached the unruly animal he was in the act of rising, and had he not been prevented, would have dragged them into greater perils.

Miss D—— was taken out of the carriage apparently lifeless, and her mother was dreadfully cut by the glass; however, by proper restoratives being applied to the former, she soon recovered her senses, but only to complain of acute suffering, and to implore immediate assistance. The toll-keeper's wife (a worthy good creature) instantly comprehended her real situation, dispatched her husband for a surgeon and another carriage, but before either arrived the little stranger appeared.

Eliza, who at that moment would have felt happy at finding shelter in the humblest hovel, was put into the humane woman's bed; the trunks were immediately opened, and every necessary produced for the poor infant's accommodation, which clearly evinced that the tour into Wales was a cloak to a shorter journey; in fact, it has since been proved, that the extent of the young lady's intended travels was not more than eight and twenty miles.

Though I pity the mother of this ill-fated young woman, yet I cannot avoid condemning her conduct; for what parent, who knew the various arts of seduction, would have permitted a beautiful young woman, like Eliza, to pass whole days together in the society of a professed libertine like Sir Charles Grenville? That monster of a man has not even displayed the slightest symptoms either of remorse or tenderness! A messenger was dispatched to him express, imploring him to visit the lost Eliza, and sooth the anguish of her sufferings by his tenderness; to which the inhuman wretch returned a laconic denial, alledging a previous engagement, but inclosing a fifty pound draft upon his banker to defray the expence attending the lost Eliza's confinement.

A sale of all Mrs. D——'s household furniture has this day been announced by handbills; and it is now asserted, with probability, that mother and daughter are going to retire into Wales. The innocent proof of its mother's indiscretion providentially expired a few hours after it was born; and thus ends the history of a young woman whom I blush to say was once near being my daughter!

And now, my dear Edward, I will turn to a theme far more interesting, namely, your happiness in the marriage state, which, as far as human foresight can form conjectures, would be complete with such a woman as Lady Charlotte Clements. I will enclose your beloved sister's last epistle, in which she gives me such a trait of that amiable young woman's conduct as is seldom met with in high life; and I confess, has rendered me as enthusiastic

an admirer of her ladyship as if I was a young man of your age. What a treasure will she prove to the being who has the good fortune to inspire her with affection! Since I have become acquainted with her disposition, I more than ever long for your return; for some indefinable idea has taken possession of my imagination, and tells me that nature formed you for each other. A fatalist knowing the apparent similarity of your natures, would encourage me in this airy castle building, from the unexpected train of events which brought about the intimacy between Louisa and this exemplary young woman. The unfortunate circumstances which put you into the possession of rank and fortune were wholly unexpected; that I should think it necessary to have my Louisa introduced into the gay world an equally unlooked-for event; and that her protectress and chaperon should be the particular friend of Lady Charlotte Clements, still more the work of fate! so that you have only to hasten your return to us, throw yourself at this fair damsel's feet, who, of course, must consider you irresistable, and then, like many other marriages, yours will be acknowledged to have been brought about by the hand of fate.

You will perceive, my beloved son, that my spirits are no longer depressed by anxiety for your safety; this chearfulness of mind has been produced by the few * hasty written lines you sent me by Lieutenant Barker, to whom, you may rest assured, I gave a hearty welcome, and who has flattered me by making the castle his head-quarters. The enthusiastic praise which he bestowed upon the coolness and intrepidity of your conduct during the engagement, which you with so much modesty merely named, rendered him at once as dear to my affections as if I had known him from the very moment of his existence; but

* This letter merely announced that the Europa was in the channel, and in the course of a few days likely to be in port.

there are certain situations in life, my dearest Edward, in which neither the tongue nor pen can describe the full emotions of the heart! mine, at the moment of hearing of the engagement, glowed with the warmest sensations of gratitude; and though in the * letter which I addressed to you, previous to my receiving the last welcome one, I endeavoured to blend pious thankfulness with maternal tenderness, yet I am persuaded no expression I made use of could either convey a just sense of the gratitude I felt to the Almighty for having preserved your existence amidst the dangers which surrounded you, or of that exquisite affection which nature implants in the maternal breast.

Mr. Barker and myself wait as anxiously for the arrival of the daily papers as any lover can possibly do for a letter from the object of his affection; for during the last week I have constantly expected to see the Europa's arrival announced, though that amiable young man has taken infinite pains to quiet my solicitude, by apprizing me the vessel only waited for a favourable wind. Oh! my beloved son, with what transport shall I clasp you to my maternal bosom! and with what extatic pleasure reflect that we are to part no more! for all your friends declare, it would now be the height of madness were you to persevere in following a seafaring life.

You have not only had many opportunities of evincing your bravery, but in the last engagement you, in a peculiar manner, signalized that courage which was never doubted, and you are now called upon to perform a different part in the great theatre of human action. You have acquired laurels upon the seas, which are now to adorn your brows in the senate. Nature has gifted you with an understanding far beyond mediocrity; and that liberal education which you have received, will now enable you

* This letter likewise does not appear, as it merely contained effusions of thankfulness for Lord Colville's preservation.

to become an ornament to your country, and a firm supporter of the constitution.

Poor Sir Henry P—— is in a confirmed dropsy; his physicians are of opinion he cannot live many weeks, and all your friends are desirous of seeing you fill his seat. Was there a probability of its being a contested election, I should dissuade you from the plan; for, when I reflect upon the immense sums of money which are squandered away upon such occasions, I cannot help considering how many industrious families might have been rendered happy, had it been divided among them; but, in this case, no particular expence will be necessary, for you will be elected by the unanimous voice of your friends.

Hasten then to those anxious friends, and to your more anxious mother, my beloved Edward; and banish apprehension and solicitude from her heart. Adieu, my son. May all good angels protect you, is the ardent prayer of

Your affectionate mother,

S. COLVILLE.

MRS. COLVILLE TO MISS COLVILLE.

Colville Castle.

My beloved Louisa's letter found me agreeably surrounded with an unexpected party of friends, who having heard of her excursion to the gay metropolis, kindly resolved to enliven this dreary castle.

Not to keep you in suspense respecting my visitors, the Pembertons have been with me since last Tuesday; Emma, I think, is more lovely than ever, but, alas! the charms of her person are obscured by an insufferable vanity. As to Augustus, he appears to have lost his faculties; for I never saw a young man so totally changed, and so far from being the life of all company, and the support of conversation, he sits whole hours together without uttering a single word. His mother is extremely unhappy at this alteration in the disposition of her darling son; but his father only laughs

at it, and declares it must be the effect of love. Ellen is precisely the same amiable girl she always was, ever anxious to promote the happiness of those around her, and charmed if she succeeds; and though not gifted by nature with any brilliancy of understanding, universally beloved and esteemed.

Though Emma infinitely transcends her sister, both in mental and personal attractions, yet the unaffected conciliating Ellen is the universal favourite; a convincing proof, my dearest Louisa, that beauty is not so insurmountably attractive as the vain part of our sex may imagine; and that it requires something more durable to accompany it.

Though to caution you against vanity, appears to me as useless as it would be to caution a man who had escaped from the jaws of a lion, against going near a den; yet, knowing example to be contagious, I cannot avoid imploring you to avoid even the appearance of it; for a vain young woman is almost as insufferable as one who is puffed up with pride and arrogance. But to return to my present party, one of whom is a particular friend of your brother, a Mr. Barker, the elder son of a Cornish baronet. His being a friend of my Edward's, was a sufficient passport to my favour; but Mr. Barker, I assure you, requires no auxiliaries, for to the open honesty of a sailor is added all the polish of high-breeding; and, in the true sense of the word, he is a complete gentleman.

Emma has commenced a regular siege against this disciple of Neptune, but I think I have read enough of his character to be convinced his heart is not to be taken by storm; neither do I think the amiable Ellen is exactly to the young sailor's taste. He has, for the last two mornings, been amusing himself in a manner not very pleasing to Emma, who has taken infinite pains to impede his progress; and who declares him to be one of the most insipid mortals she ever had the honour of being acquainted with. Poor Susan, though ever intending to do right, sometimes commits shocking blunders, and on Saturday made a master-

piece of work; for, perceiving the flies had stained the frame of your dear portrait, I desired her to take a piece of spunge, slightly moisten it, and endeavour to wipe off the spots. As these abominable little insects had not confined their devastation to the gilding, Susan thought proper to endeavour to eradicate them from the painting likewise; and, not finding her labour yield to very gentle efforts, applied a little sand and soap, and she was just in the act of scrubbing your beloved countenance with these materials, when I fortunately entered the room.

"Gracious powers!" I exclaimed, in a voice of anger and astonishment, which perfectly petrified the poor girl; for, when I first glanced my eye upon the picture, I thought every feature was effaced; and though I blamed Susan's stupidity, I still more condemned myself; and so thoroughly was I persuaded the injury was irreparable, that I burst into a flood of tears. Mr. Barker, who was in an adjoining apartment, instantly flew into the room, and, perceiving the cause of my consternation, readily undertook to repair the damage; and, as good often springs out of evil, so it has happened in the present case; for he has retouched all the faded colours in a most masterly style; and, in spite of Emma's reproaches upon his want of gallantry, refuses either to ride, walk, or play, with her, until he has completed the work.

I shall not give you a very prolix description, my dearest girl, of this favourite friend of your brother's; but merely say, his person is rather above the common height, and formed with such manly perfection, that a sculpture, or an artist, could not wish for a finer subject to take a model from. His features, though not regular, are so full of expression, that his face is an actual index to his thoughts; and as to his mind, it is stored with useful knowledge, which renders him at once an instructive and entertaining companion. Such a young man must, at all times, be considered as an acquisition to society; yet, had I not discovered something in him, beyond his extensive power

to please, I should not have taken up so large a portion of this letter, either in describing his person, or in painting the beauties of his mind.

You are now, my beloved Louisa, arriving at what are commonly called years of discretion; and, from possessing an independent fortune, and being nearly allied to rank, in all probability, even whilst under the protection of Mrs. Douglass, you will have some humble suitor, or suitors, desirous of obtaining your hand. That your heart should accompany the former, I need not say, is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of happiness in the marriage state; but let me conjure you to be careful, before you relinquish the latter, and only bestow it upon those who possess true worth of mind. I could wish, my dearest girl, that you might bring it unimpressed with any other sentiment but that of esteem, and that the amiable friend of your brother should alone inspire it with a softer emotion. Your picture, which certainly is not a flattering likeness, has produced the most ardent desires in the young sailor's breast; but, from a few words which he inadvertently dropped, I fancy a mutual attachment between you would completely accord with your brother's wishes. In six weeks more my Louisa will return to the arms of her fond mother, and will then have an opportunity of conversing with this phœnix of a man; and should she happen to view him in the same partial light that I do, it will doubtless add much to my happiness.

Yet never, my dearest girl, will I endeavour to bias your inclinations in a matter of such moment to the future happiness of your life; for a parent's duty extends no farther than mild remonstrance and solicitous advice. I trust I shall never have the misery of knowing that my child has bestowed her affection upon a worthless character; but even was that greatest of human misfortunes to befal me, I should not think myself entitled to make use of coercion. No, my Louisa; I will endeavour to shield you from de-

struction, but never will I try to persuade you to act contrary to the dictates of your heart.

To guard that heart, therefore, against sudden and improper attachments, must be your own peculiar care; for if once you suffer it to escape the boundaries which prudence prescribes it, you will no longer have it under the slightest controul.

Your description, my dear girl, of the amiable Lady Charlotte Clements, delighted me; such a friend is an invaluable treasure; and no longer need you make use of that precaution which I recommended in my former letter. Do every thing in your power to deserve that partiality, which her ladyship has testified towards you; assure her of your mother's esteem, and, if possible, persuade her to accompany you, and spend a few months at the castle. Upon your brother's arrival we shall have a kind of jubilee, at least, it will be necessary to entertain all his tenants; and, if I can read Lady Charlotte's character, she would be as much gratified at a scene of unsophisticated happiness, as at the most superb birth-night ball.

Poor Sir Henry P——— is likewise rapidly journeying to that bourn from whence no traveller returns; and your brother's friends are all desirous that he should fill Sir Henry's station, whenever it becomes vacant; therefore, though there will not be a contested election, yet he must not appear parsimonious; and, of course, there will be some little gaieties going forward to amuse Lady Charlotte.

What an immense letter have I written, my beloved Louisa; and without naming the amiable Mrs. Douglass: but, though last, not least in favour, to make use of a trite observation. Assure her of my gratitude, esteem, and affection; presenting my best wishes to the doctor: and believe me, my dear girl,

Your most affectionate,
And tenderly anxious mother,
S. COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

"Oh, mourn not! for sweet is the death of the brave;
"The tears of the good shall be shed on his grave."

AMONG the various characters that adorn society, there is none, perhaps, whose death claims a stronger share of public sympathy than that of the gallant warrior who generously devotes himself to a life of hardships and privations; and who, on a foreign land, bravely fights and nobly dies, to vindicate the insulted honour of his country, and avenge the violated rights of oppressed nations.

Considered under this point of view, with what lively sensations of grief and regret must not the death of the late Sir John Moore have impressed the loyal feelings of the British public. It was by his fortitude and perseverance, by the admirable and judicious skill of his military operations, and especially by the just and unlimited confidence with which his wisdom and bravery had inspired an heroic and unconquerable army, that that distinguished commander most triumphantly avenged the insulted honour of the British name, frustrated the murderous designs of a most unprincipled and sanguinary foe, and turned the vain and insolent boast of a base tyrant into a most shameful and coward-like flight.

Unfortunately, the most glorious day of that brave man's life was also the last. The gloom of his death almost instantly overcast the bright dawn of the noblest victory ever won by British valour. Moore died as he had always wished to die, arms in hand against the foes of his king and country. He received his mortal blow, and almost uttered his last sigh, on the very trophy that his victorious hand had just erected to the immortal glory of the British army.

Short was the career of that departed and lamented hero, but great and glorious was his destiny: and from his blood, so heroically shed in the sacred cause of humanity and patriotism, shall spring forth laurels that will shelter his grave from the ravages of time, and present his name, clothed in glory, to the veneration and gratitude of the remotest ages.

Thus, oh! great and noble Britain! has the earth, even to its extremities, re-echoed with the fame of thy warriors' exploits. Thus, from the banks of the Ganges to the patriotic shores of the Douro, hast thou become "the wonder, the terror, and the delight of the most distant nations." Unlike the vile hordes of a still viler despot, the triumph of whose courage has always been disgraced by the brutality of savages and the rapacity of plunderers, thy valiant soldiers, oh, fair and good Albion! always worthy of thee, always sympathizing with the sufferings of the miserable and the feelings of the conquered; always as generous as redoubtable; have ever ennobled and endeared the magnanimity of heroes by the milder virtues of civilized and christian men; and, if there is on earth a spot on which insulted humanity and oppressed innocence can still find an asylum, honourable and safe, it is but on the happy land shadowed by the glory of their victorious standards.

N. FRAISINET.

WHICH IS THE HYPOCRITE?

A DRAMA.

(Continued from page 64.)

SCENE II.

The Pleasure-grounds appertaining to the Castle Valdemone.

Enter the Count and Theodore.

Count.—GIVE what orders you please, Theodore; every thing is to be arranged to-day by your direction. You have

travelled, and will, no doubt, give us a pleasing specimen of your judgment and taste.

Theod.—My lord, I fear I shall not justify your encomium; but I will endeavour to blend Italian gaity with English decorum, and, while the luxurious hand of nature spreads her choicest gifts over our native soil, imitate her impartial bounty, by sharing her favours with the humblest child of merit.

Count.—The sentiment is worthy of you, Theodore. Are all our neighbours and tenants invited?

Theod.—The steward has had orders to that effect, my lord, I doubt not his punctuality. See he comes.

Enter Jerome.

Well, Jerome, how have you succeeded?

Jerome.—As most people do who go about conferring favours: if I went to solicit them, your question might have had a less favourable answer.

Theod.—As blunt as ever. Then our party will be numerous?

Jerome.—More numerous than select.

Count.—You see, my Theodore, you stand high in the estimation of your neighbours.

Jerome.—Do not feed his vanity, my lord, with such exquisite morsels. Good cheer will generally find ready partakers.

Theod.—The remark may be just, but it is not polite.

Jerome.—Psha! hang politeness; at my age politeness would suit me as little as flaxen ringlets suit the old toothless countess, who had her picture drawn with Cupid officiating as a frisseur.

Count.—Respect always becomes a domestic.

Jerome.—Was I ever deficient to you, my lord?

Count.—In disrespect to Theodore you convey the most pointed insult to me.

Theod.—Nay, my lord, be not angry; old Jerome loves his joke, and though it may be somewhat rough, yet, like

a file in the hands of a skilful mechanic, it may be effectually applied to remove the incrustations of folly, which sometimes conceal bright virtues.

Jerome, aside.—Now, is this hypocrisy or good nature? I thank you for your defence, young gentlemen; age perhaps makes me querelous, but it shall never make me ungrateful; and, though I presume too much at times in your presence, believe me, I am as hasty to resent an unfavourable word spoken of you in your absence.

Count.—Your zeal is seldom called forth, I believe; Theodore is esteemed by all.

Jerome.—Pardon me, my lord, not by all.

Count.—Who has dared to calumniate him?

Jerome.—I did not say that any one had the temerity to calumniate him, but I know he is no favourite with the widow Montauban.

Theod.—What is the cause of her dislike?

Jerome.—Of that I am ignorant.

Count.—Then on what do you ground your supposition?

Jerome.—I will tell you, my lord, for I own it vexed me. When I went to the chateau, with the invitation you did her the honour to send, I was ordered into the housekeeper's room, to wait Madam's answer; I there met the butler, and we took a sociable glass together: naturally enough, I mentioned the purport of my errand, at which he shook his head, and said, "ah, she will not go." "Why not?" says I; "Because," says he, "she does not like the young heir well enough." "That's a good one," says I, "how can she dislike him when she never saw him?" "Because," says he, "she calls him a hypocrite and a parricide." These were his words.

Count.—Detestable calumniator, she shall be forbidden the castle.

Theod.—Forbear, my lord, and credit not the ignorant misrepresentations of a menial. Gratify, this once, a desire I never had occasion for before, the wish of conversing with an unknown enemy. If she shrinks meanly from her

injurious aspersion, in my presence, and joins in the flattering congratulations paid me this evening, I shall know how to form my opinion; but, if candour triumphs over policy, I shall be anxious to do away the false prejudices she entertains, and convert an open enemy into a firm friend.

Count.—I can refuse you no request to-day. Go, Jerome, and see that every thing is conducted according to the plan laid down by Theodore. [*Exit Jerome.*

Theod.—My lord, I fear the idle talk of this prattling old man has left an unpleasant impression on your mind. You, my more than father, can have no doubt of Theodore's sincerity. Oh no! that heart so pure, so benevolent, can never afford harbour to suspicion. I may be wronged, insulted, and despised, by a misjudging few, whose base minds are ever prone to seek for guile in others, but their disregard affects me not, while possessed of his love and confidence, who has protected my orphan state, and implanted the promising shoots of virtue in my youthful breast. You, my father, can never doubt me.

Count.—*(Embracing him.)* Never, Theodore, never! you are the sole prop of my declining years.

Theod.—Come, come, my lord, I cannot suffer you to lavish all your attentions on me; our guests will soon arrive. Come and inspect my arrangements. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Apartments of Hypollita.

Flippanti. Spalanzo.

Spal.—Hypollita does not use me well; if she continues so trifle in this way we may lose an opportunity never to be be regained.

Flip.—I admire your assurance in pretending to dictate to my mistress; trust me she has address enough to manage matters without your interference.

Spal.—But I have urgent reasons for wishing to expedite matters.

Hyp.—Oh, ho! have you so? then suppose I just now administer a few composing pills *(displaying a purse of gold.)* Ha, ha! I declare they have had a wonderful effect already, all symptoms of irritation have disappeared.

Spal.—Your mistress is an excellent physician; and since she is not unmindful of my services *(taking the purse)*, I will not irrpertinently intrude.

Flip.—A very well bred and judicious resolution.

Spal.—You have no immediate command for me, I presume.

Flip.—None, gallant seignor. Adieu. *(Attending him to the door.)*

Enter Hypollita.

The odious creature is gone at last.

Enter Flippanti.

Well, Flippanti, have you arranged my boudoir for the reception of Theodore?

Flip.—I have omitted nothing, madam, that could heighten the fascination of the scene.

Hyp.—Then it only remains with me to give it the finishing touch; this interview will, I trust, complete my conquest. Oh! Flippanti, could you comprehend the feelings which agitate my breast at this moment, you would pity the wretched Hypollita!

Flip.—Can the beauteous, the all-accomplished Hypollita, be considered an object of pity? say rather of envy.

Hyp.—Alas! no. Have you yet to learn, girl, that a woman who once falls from virtue is in that moment abandoned by happiness?——I am that lost creature. Left at an early age an unprotected orphan, I became, like too many others, the victim of licentious man. It would be a disgusting recital to dwell on those events which occurred during a life of vicious indulgence. The vicissitudes I ex-

perienced were but such as usually await a life of infamy. From a state of most abject misery, I was relieved by the liberality of Spalanzo; and gratitude bound me to him with ties I have not yet had resolution to break: yet I loved him not; and, fortunately for me, the passion with which I inspired him has gradually yielded to the more powerful call of self-interest. Theodore, the elegant and accomplished Theodore, is the object of my ardent affections, and to him has the mercenary Spalanzo voluntarily resigned the person of Hypollita.

Flip.—No doubt he expects ample remuneration.

Hyp.—If I succeed in securing Theodore, I am to sign a bond which gives wealth and independence to Spalanzo, whenever the old count leaves his nephew in possession of his extensive estates.

Flip.—But that is an uncertain event.

Hyp.—Perhaps not! But let not my thoughts turn that way. Oh! Flippanti, how shall I describe to you the sensations which sometimes almost overpower me, when I behold him possessed of every manly grace; virtuous, candid, unsuspicious of guile in others, and think on the arts which I have used to entrap him? I almost abhor myself, and am tempted to throw myself at his feet, with a full avowal of my infamy. But the dreadful thought of losing him for ever restores me to myself; Theodore would spurn the guilty wretch who sued for his compassion; and then, dreadful would be the consequence.

Flip.—Your looks and gestures make me shudder. Hark! 'tis his knock. Hasten, madam, compose yourself, and I will detain him here a few minutes. [*Exit Hypollita.*

Enter Theodore.

Your mistress is at home, I understand; you have had a visitor too already.

Flip.—A visitor! Oh, yes, I recollect; my brother was here just now; my lady is very good to him.

Theod.—Was that person your brother, Flippanti?

Flip.—Certainly, my lord; can you suppose I would tell you an untruth?

Theod.—I should be unwilling to doubt your veracity; yet, to speak the truth, his appearance is not very prepossessing.

Flip.—That is a family misfortune, my lord.

Theod.—Not so; I protest the disadvantage is wholly on his side.

Flip.—Shall I shew you to my lady's apartment; she has been expecting you some time, and her spirits are so unusually low to-day, that all the exertions of your gallantry will, I fear, be ineffectual to raise them.

Theod.—I hope I shall be more successful than you imagine. [*They retire.*

Scene changes to an elegant Boudoir, Hypollita reclining on a Couch in a negligent Dishabille.

Flippanti introduces Theodore, and retires. Hypollita hastily conceals a Letter which she was reading, and appears unable to speak: she extends her Hand to Theodore.

Theod.—Why thus melancholy, Hypollita? Has any thing occurred to damp your charming vivacity?

Hyp.—Nothing but what I might have expected. We must discontinue these interviews, Theodore.

Theod.—For what reason, lovely Hypollita?

Hyp.—By the command of my guardian. By some unknown means an account of your visits has reached him, and also some reports injurious to my reputation; he has written to desire that I will immediately return.

Theod.—The loss will be severely felt by me.

Hyp.—Ah! Theodore, if you were but sincere in that assertion!

Theod.—Have I ever given you reason to doubt my sincerity?

Hyp.—I cannot say that you have; but, may I add, you

have never yet given me any satisfactory information of it.

Theod.—All that was in my power.

Hyp.—Yet now you have the power.

Theod.—True; to-day I am of age.

Hyp.—And free to determine.

Theod.—My determination must be in your favour.

Hyp.—Then Hypollita is blest. But this cruel mandate! Ah! Theodore, must we part thus?

Theod.—How can I prevent it? You know how I am situated; permit me to introduce you to my uncle, and I have no doubt of his approbation.

Hyp.—No, Theodore; that must not be. The long confirmed enmity of our families renders it too hazardous—all we require is time—one thing only would set my mind at ease.

Theod.—What would you require of me?

Hyp.—It is but a trifle. Convinced as I am of your honour, I require no other assurance; but the impatience of my guardian requires more convincing proofs than my bare assertion—on the table is pen and ink, draw up whatever your affection may dictate, and I will enclose it when I answer his letter. If you refuse this, Theodore, we must part, and my foreboding heart tells me it will be for ever.

Theod.—To gratify you, Hypollita, I would do much; but to enter into an engagement so serious without my uncle's knowledge or approbation, is what not even my affection for the incomparable Hypollita can justify.

Hyp.—Cruel Theodore! you know not the fate you doom me to by this inflexibility; but go, least I betray a weakness that would lessen me in your estimation. Hypollita may be wretched, but Theodore shall never know the extent of her misery.

Theod.—By heaven, I would not cause you a moment's unhappiness for the world. Weep not—you wound my heart. Command me as you will; this moment your

guardian shall have my sacred promise.—*(He prepares to write.)*

Flippanti enters hastily.

Madam, request the count to retire; a person wishes to speak to you on particular business; you know the consequence if you are discovered thus. Pray, sir, oblige my mistress.—*(Aside.)*—'Tis Spalanzo.

Hyp.—*(Much agitated)*—Fool! what can he want now? Theodore, be so kind as to withdraw; 'tis a sacrifice due to my reputation; to-morrow we will settle this transaction. For the present, farewell.

Theod.—When you please. Adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*

(To be continued.)

Remarks on the Beaux and Belles, and their Dress of the Eighteenth Century; as also that of the Modern.

MANY and various have been the forms of dress since the Norman conquest. In that unenlightened age, the ideas of the people were so darkened by monkish superstition, and so engrossed with arms and war, that little else was attended to than the mere covering of the body decently. Nor was this cloud removed until the days of Elizabeth, when, as the catholic form of worship was driven from the land, and the protestant faith to be established, so did the people in all their manners and customs become more refined.

The revolution had driven many from this, their native country, into France, Holland, and Spain, who, from a residence of some years in those kingdoms, had so imbibed their manners, that, on their return, an universal prevalence of French fashions reigned throughout the kingdom. The large full wig, the narrow cut coat, and high-heeled

shoe, were introduced; and the more universal they became, the more expensive they were. Indeed, the expence of those large and inconvenient perukes was so great, that fifty guineas was thought extremely moderate for one, and many sacrificed their almost all to obtain them.

A modern author relates an anecdote of a girl in Oxfordshire, to whom a young man paid his addresses, and, unwilling to wed her portionless, he agreed that if her friends would advance fifty pounds, he would marry her immediately; which they being incapable of doing, she came up to town to try her fortune, where meeting with a chapman in the Strand, he made a purchase of her hair, which was delicately long and beautiful, and gave her sixty pounds for it, being twenty ounces, at three pounds an ounce; with which she joyfully returned into the country, and bought her an husband.

This avidity for dress was not engrossed by men alone; females were as eager after their stuffed petticoats and richly covered stomachers, as men were for their long perukes; and children, long before they had learned the first rudiments of grammar, were bedecked with a coat reaching down to their knees, and shoes covered with large broad buckles.

An advertisement, in the Tatler of those times, will give us some idea of this incumbrance of dress. After mentioning that a coach, for the convenience of ladies and gentlemen disliking to walk, departed from a certain coffee-house to an assembly-room at some distance, gives a—"N. B. Dancing shoes, not exceeding *four inches* height in the *heel;* and periwigs, *three feet* in length, are conveyed in the coach gratis."

The taste of man is ever "on the wing;" and, as at the present day, new fashions were quickly invented, and as soon grew old, toward the latter end of the century, this incumbrance of dress was set aside, and one more suited to convenience was introduced. The present mode is, as its forerunner, continually on the change; seldom do we see

a modern beau in one dress twice, and happy is he thought to be, who is capable of producing the greatest variety in his dress. He is not, as his forefathers were, contented with simply adorning himself, but he must strive his utmost to outdo his neighbours in the costliness of his dress.

The difference between the ancient and the modern beaux is comparatively great. The former was a man who had some occupation to follow in the day, and in the evening he repaired to the Temple, or some other fashionable place of that time. The modern one lives by his wits; has nothing to attend to but his dress and present engagements, and to seek for future ones. He rises at twelve, breakfasts, saunters in the Park, or follows some fashionable flirt; dines at six, goes to the Opera, or Brooks's, where he contrives to defraud some wou'd-be fashionable of his over ready cash.

The belle is the same. Instead of attending to her domestic concerns, she employs herself in the morning at her toilette; daubing herself with rouge and olympian dew, and suffering under the hands of a friseur, whose tongue contains more venom than that of an adder. Little does she think, that whilst she is thus, as she supposes, giving greater effect to her charms, she is destroying them. Soon the little beauty she had is faded! in vain she strives to restore it; in vain she racks inventions, and seeks means to rekindle one spark of her former attraction; none is at hand! Disgusted with herself, she flies from the busy scene, sinks into oblivion, and is, according to the fashionable phrase, quite "worn out."

Were it permitted our ancestors to revisit the earth, great indeed would be their astonishment, at seeing their sons and daughters thus idly employed. With difficulty would they be persuaded, that this was the same country for which they bled and fought; that the weak effeminate creatures of the present age were their progeny. Yet, so it is, that, in various parts of this extensive metropolis, men have usurped those occupations which exclusively be-

long to the female sex alone; and from hence arises the cause of scenes nightly exhibited in the streets of London. The present age is certainly more enlightened, and far excels that of three centuries ago, in point of refinement. But, in the nobler traits of character, in hardiness, spirit, and magnanimity, it must be acknowledged that, with some exceptions, the present race has degenerated. Man is ever prone to run into extremes, and, in the endeavour to avoid one evil, falls into a greater. The ferocity and barbarism of former ages was disgusting—the effeminacy and profligacy of the present times not less degrading. A happy medium should be observed in public manners as well as in private conduct; and our boasted island would then become a pattern worthy the imitation of every neighbouring country*.

SPS****Y.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS AND HER LAP-DOG.

NINON, a very beautiful and celebrated French lady, was born in Paris in 1615. Her mother wished her to take the veil at an early age; but her father, being a man of the world, disapproved the plan, and she herself preferred a more dissipated life. She became her own mistress at the age of fifteen, and indulged in all her gay propensities without restraint. The greatest men in France grew enamoured of her charms; and while the Grand Condé, the Villareaux, the Sevignés, and the Rochefaucaults, shared her society as a mistress, the learned consulted her as a philosopher and a critic: and her wit and decorum were such, that the most virtuous ladies solicited her acquaintance. This fascinating woman lived to the advanced age of ninety, possessing charms almost undecayed. Ni-

* Our correspondent will excuse the liberty taken with this passage.

non left several children; one of her sons died before her, and the manner of his death was singularly tragical. Having been bred up without any knowledge of his mother, he saw her in the full bloom of beauty unrivalled, and most unfortunately conceived a violent and fatal passion for her; and when she communicated to him the secret of his birth, he desperately stabbed himself in her presence. We learn from M. Mercier, that this remarkable lady had a lap-dog equally remarkable. This favoured animal was small, taperly and elegantly formed, with yellow hair. Wherever Ninon was invited, Raton was sure to go; she carefully placed him in a beautiful little basket, and he was literally her officer of health. He maintained most strictly that order of regimen which preserved her beauty, her good humour, and her health, even to the unusual period of nearly a hundred years. Raton would not suffer his lovely mistress to make use of coffee, of ragouts, or of liqueurs. He suffered the soup to pass him quietly enough; the bouillé and the roti pleased him better, but if Ninon seemed inclined to touch the ragout, he growled, fixed his eyes upon her, and seemed anxious to interdict the use of these enticing dishes. A discourse then took place between them, to the great diversion of the company; when, after many seeming remonstrances on the side of Ninon, the doctor was implicitly obeyed. Some of the entremêts did not excite his displeasure; but those from which odours of spices intimated any chance of injury to the constitution of his fair mistress, were absolutely proscribed. Raton, from his basket, attentively watched the different services as they passed and repassed, without even coveting the leg of a fowl; he was not a physician preaching temperance, and at the same time a glutton at table. When the desert came, he sprung quickly from his basket, gambolled on the table, paid his court to the ladies, and received, in return for his caresses, a few macaroons, two or three of which satisfied his appe-

tite *. He permitted the use of fruit and sugars at discretion; but of coffee his disapprobation was formal and express; his eyes began to sparkle with anger; but was a bottle of liqueur opened, he pressed against his mistress as if some great danger was approaching. He took the small glass in his mouth, or hid it most carefully in his basket; if Ninon feigned to touch the forbidden nectar, our little sangrado began a serious growl; if she insisted, he got into a violent rage, and every person laughed to see so much choler in so small a body. "Doctor," Ninon used to say, "will you permit me to drink a glass of water?" At these words his anger disappeared, and he wagged his tail as a sign of reconciliation. As a further token of approbation, he drank out of the same glass, ate a biscuit, and, by a thousand capers, testified his joy that the repast was ended in conformity to his wishes, and that it was not to shorten the precious days of his beauteous mistress and inseparable friend.

Beauties, who indulge in the pleasures of the table, you stand in need of such a guardian. But the dog of Ninon was an unique like herself. This handsome governor, so loving, yet so austere, is stuffed, at the cabinet of natural curiosities.

MRS. MARY CHANDLER

WAS born at Malmsbury, in Wiltshire, in 1687, and was carefully trained up in the principles of religion and virtue. As her father's circumstances rendered it neces-

* No doubt Ninon had taken much trouble to teach him all this; and while we admire the sagacious docility of Raton, we are still more enchanted with the ingenuity of his mistress, who contrived this diverting excuse for her own temperance, which, on some occasions, amounted to abstemiousness.

sary that she should apply herself to some business, she was brought up to the trade of a milliner. But as she had a propensity to literature, she employed her leisure hours in perusing the best modern writers, and as many as she could of the ancient ones; especially the poets, as far as the best translations could assist her. Amongst these, Horace was her particular favourite; and she greatly regretted she could not read him in the original. She was somewhat deformed in her person, in consequence of an accident in her childhood. This unfavourable circumstance she occasionally made a subject of her own pleasantry, and used to say, "That as her person would not recommend her, she must endeavour to cultivate her mind, to make herself agreeable." This she did with the greatest care, being an admirable economist of her time; she had so many excellent qualities, that though her first appearance could create no prejudice in her favour, yet it was impossible to know her without esteeming her. She thought the disadvantages of her shape were such, as gave her no reasonable prospect of being happy in the married state; and therefore chose to remain single. She had, however, an offer from a worthy country gentleman, of considerable fortune, who, attracted merely by the goodness of her character, took a journey of an hundred miles to visit her at Bath, where she kept a milliner's shop, and where he paid his addresses. But she declined his offers, and is said to have convinced him that such a match could neither be for his happiness nor her own. She published several poems, but that which she wrote upon Bath was the best received. It passed through several editions. She intended to have written a large poem upon the Being and Attributes of God; she executed some parts of it, but did not live to finish it. It was irksome to her to be so much confined to her business, and the bustle of Bath was sometimes disagreeable to her. She often languished for more leisure and solitude; but the dictates of prudence, and a desire to be useful to her relations, whom she regarded with the warmest affection,

brought her to submit to the fatigues of her business for thirty-five years. She did, however, sometimes enjoy occasional retirements to the country-seats of some of her most respectable acquaintance; and was then extremely chearful, and delighted with the beauties of nature. A painful illness at length seized her, occasioned partly by the misfortune of her form, and partly by her sedentary occupations, which terminated the existence of this exemplary woman.

THE BARON'S WEDDING.

A ROMANCE. BY E. T.

CHAP. I.

Were mankind to listen to those silent aversions denominated prepossessions, they would form fewer unhappy connections; but the habit of seeing each other, and a false indulgence, blunts the delicate sensibility of the soul, and brings together beings whom nature otherwise have separated.

Lantier.

"FIE on this weakness, my child," said the aged Maud to a lovely weeping girl, whose tender years had known no other maternal protection than what had been gratuitously afforded by the venerable cottager, "Forsooth now I thought thee more of a woman! Ah, well, the day of espousal will soon be over, then wilt thou readily dry those sweet eyes, and in joyous revelry at the castle forget the humble scenes of thy infancy."—"Never," cried the enthusiastic Editha, rising from her seat and clasping the withered hand of Maud, which she fondly pressed alternately to her lips and to her bosom, as if desirous to calm the wild variety of emotions which throbbed within it, "Far distant be the hated day which can render me ca-

pable of such base ingratitude: forget this dear cottage! forget you! Ah, no! never will Editha enjoy wealth or happiness unshared by her beloved Maud."—"Marry, then I doubt not that," said the old woman, smiling fondly on her darling, "while I live I am full sure that thou wilt not neglect her who fostered thee in helpless imbecility; but, sweetest, my days are numbered; seventy and five have already passed over my hoary head, and the yarn of life is almost spun; but I shall sink into my grave in peace when I have seen thee happily married, my child."—"For mercy's sake do not hold such discourse," exclaimed Editha, again bursting into tears, "my heart sickens with terror when my thoughts dwell on the subject."—"Thou art a tender chicken, and I must not vex thee," said Maud, her voice faltering with emotion at this proof of the orphan's grateful affection; "but prithee now tell me, art thou really joyous at thy brilliant prospects; hast thou no secret repugnance, no hidden preference—confide in thy faithful Maud, she will not be severe on thy youthful weakness; accursed be she, who, from mercenary or ambitious motives, would sacrifice the sweet emotions of innocence, and wed him whom her soul abhors."—"You should know your child too well to suspect her of such conduct," said Editha, while a faint glow of indignation tinged her cheek; "the baron's goodness to us claims my warmest gratitude; yet, though I look up to him with love and reverence, a sort of timid apprehension steals upon my mind whenever I think of our approaching union, for which I am at a loss to account."

While they were thus discoursing, Clodio, the son of a neighbouring wood-cutter, entered the cottage; this youth, honest and industrious, had long felt a secret attachment to Editha, but her superiority over the other country girls, and the indifference with which she received every officious proof of his regard, damped the ardour of his passion; yet she could not but be interested by his present appearance, which betrayed a degree of agitation she had never before

witnessed in any one: Maud kindly inquired the cause of his uneasiness. "I have just heard," said Clodio, with a faltering voice, "that Editha is going to wed the baron."—"It is true, I warrant," said Maud exultingly, "and wert thou in reality her well-wisher, thou would'st rejoice at her good fortune."—"Horrible sacrifice," cried Clodio, covering his face with his hand, "you know not what you are about to do; listen to me, and I will repeat to you facts which will make you shudder." Maud and Editha fearfully drew their chairs closer to Clodio, who, after seriously exhorting them to the most profound secrecy, began his recital thus:—"It must be about fifteen years since the Baron Valdemona came from a foreign land, and took up his residence at the castle, which is now called by the family name: it had been long uninhabited, and the baron was at considerable expence to make it a comfortable residence; he had then with him an Italian lady, very beautiful, and of a haughty spirit; they did not live very happily together, and it was the general opinion that they were not married; however that may be, the lady, who was called Victoria, died in a very sudden manner; heaven forbid I should lay the charge of murder to any man's account, but many were the surmises that Victoria did not come fairly by her end: well, she was buried with great pomp, and the baron felt, or affected, great uneasiness and distraction of mind; but in a few months he forgot Victoria, and prepared to espouse the daughter of a nobleman who came to the castle on a visit: the young lady was not handsome, but of an engaging disposition, and possessed of an immense fortune. Every thing being properly arranged, the marriage took place, and nothing but rejoicing was to be seen at the castle, when a most wonderful occurrence took place; the bride, at an early hour, retired, and about two hours after, when the baron repaired to his chamber, the Lady Marietta was no where to be found; the castle was searched, the alarm bell rung, and servants were dispatched in all directions; the baron, dreadfully

alarmed, quitted the castle for a considerable time, leaving it to the care of an old domestic, named Ursula, from whom my mother had all these particulars; and I can assure you the old lady would have quitted her post long ago, but for the extreme liberality of the baron, who makes it well worth her while to keep the secret; all the household has since been changed, so that very few know any thing of this transaction." Maud lifted up her hands and eyes in astonishment; but Editha, in whose mind superstition had never yet found room, treated it with derision, as an idle gossip's tale.

(To be continued.)

THE GENEROUS LOVER;

A TALE.

Translated from the French of Boccacio.

"Love is a generous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of her we love,
Beyond the enjoyment of our own desires."

A GENTLEMAN of Boulogne, named Cariscendi, had for several years endured all the anguish of unrequited love, without even a glimmering of hope to illumine the dreary path of despondency. The object of this romantic attachment was the fair Catherine, young, beautiful, and accomplished, but insensible to his passion; for fate had consigned her to the arms of another. In compliance with the commands of her parents, she had consented to become the wife of a man who neither felt nor inspired sentiments of ardent affection. Unable to remain in a place where he was likely every hour to behold her whom honour forbad him to approach, Cariscendi quitted his native country, and visited various parts of Italy: while staying at Modena,

intelligence reached him that Catharine was dead. At this afflicting news the grief and passsion of Cariscendi burst forth without restraint, and eager to behold the object of affection, even in death, he hastily returned to the place he had so recently left, with the determination of never revisiting it, and repairing to the church in which the remains of his beloved were deposited, bribed the sexton to open the tomb which contained his heart's treasure. Kneeling beside the coffin, he clasped the inanimate corpse in his arms, and bathed its pale face with his tears, and while he pressed his hand to that heart, which he thought had ceased to beat for ever, he felt a slight pulsation, which he at first imagined to be a mere delusion of his senses. Animated by a faint, yet ardent hope, that life was not totally extinct, he used every effort to reanimate his beloved Catherine, who had indeed only fallen into a deep lethargy, resembling death. Convinced of this delightful truth, Cariscendi, without further loss of time, procured a blanket, in which he carefully wrapped the body, and immediately carried it to the house of his mother, which was not far distant; and the good woman having placed the lovely Catherine in a warm bed, dispatched a servant for the nearest surgeon, by whose timely assistance the fair object of their care was restored to perfect animation.

Catherine was too weak to make any reflections on what passed around her, but being astonished to behold at her bedside a young man, who had hitherto kept a most respectful distance, she anxiously demanded an explanation. Cariscendi related every particular, and assured her that she was in the hands of a man of honour. Catherine, penetrated with surprise, and anxiety for her reputation, then said to him, "What you tell me, is possible, Cariscendi; and you have my warmest gratitude for your generous care. But I am young, the world knows of your attachment to me, and calumny respects no one; suffer me then, I intreat you, to return to my own house. Ah! the pleasure of

changing the sadness of my family into joy, will surely repay you for your goodness."

"I see your apprehensions, and respect them," returned Cariscendi; "amiable Catherine, fear nothing: the sentiments you have inspired me with, are too pure and tender for me to offer the least insult to a delicacy I revere. As your deliverer from the grave, I demand a recompence; and I will then restore you to your husband, in the presence of all your family." Catherine turned pale. "Cariscendi," she cried, in an agitated voice, "What is it you require?" He took her hand, and pressed it respectfully to his lips: "Hear me," he replied, "and refuse if you can; your health, and peculiar situation, at present render your removal absolutely dangerous. I tremble, lest you should again lose the life I have preserved. Promise then, I beseech you, that you will not quit my mother's house until you have given birth to your infant, and I will immediately remove to the country, till you recall me to restore you to your family."

Whatever desire Catherine felt to return to her family, she could not refuse a request so unassuming and delicate. Cariscendi, faithful to his word, quitted the place, and she soon after brought into the world a lovely infant. Cariscendi, apprized of the event by his mother, immediately returned to Boulogne, and made all necessary preparations for a splendid entertainment. He invited the husband of Catherine, and all her family, and instructed her how she should conduct herself on the occasion. The guests met at table, but Catherine did not appear. When the first course was removed, and the conversation was become general, Cariscendi, raising his voice, said, "I recollect an ancient custom of the Persians, which I would wish to imitate on the present occasion: when any citizen wished to give his friends a proof of his confidence and esteem, he invited them to his house, and, in addition to the repast, presented to them whatever he held most precious in his

possession, was it even his wife or daughter. This was a mode of expressing that he concealed nothing from friends he esteemed so highly. You have done me the favour to visit me, and I owe you the same mark of confidence." With these words, he threw open a pair of folding doors, and Catherine appeared, with her infant in her arms. Every guest was filled with admiration, and the longer they gazed on her the more they were struck with the resemblance to her they supposed dead. Her husband, rising from his seat, approached her, "May I ask," said he, "if you are a native of Boulogne, or a stranger?" Catherine could not speak. "Is this lovely infant yours?" Still no answer. The husband, a little piqued, returned to his seat, "The lady is very beautiful," said he, "but unfortunately she seems dumb." At these words, Cariscendi, addressing him, replied, "The lady is not dumb, but constrained to silence by her promise. Let me answer for her; monsieur, you are not ignorant how long and faithfully I loved the wife you have lost. It was in respect to her virtue that I quitted my native country; the report of her death recalled me, I snatched her from a tomb, preserved her, not for myself, but for one who has hitherto set too little value on such a treasure. To you, sir, I now restore her."—"Was ever lover so generous!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted guests, as Cariscendi led his adored Catherine to the arms of her husband. Every one congratulated them and unanimously extolled the noble conduct of Cariscendi, who preferred the honour and security of a beloved object to his own gratification. E. T.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XIV.

Striking Likenesses; or, The Votaries of Fashion.

THIS pleasing and interesting novel merits our warmes approbation. The incidents, though romantic, are not e

travagant, and the characters are sketched with fidelity, yet wholly devoid of malignancy. The moral is unexceptionable throughout.

The Mysterious Gentleman Farmer. By John Corry.

THIS is an amusing Tale, interspersed with some shrewd, and moral reflections; but, while we bestow on it this tribute of praise, we cannot but censure the sarcastic illiberality with which the author comments on the writings, and even characters, of contemporary writers, without even disguising their names. If he thinks to add to his reputation by this method, his friends should advise him better. It is a trite adage, that "two of a trade can never agree;" and, perhaps, authors are more liable to the observation than any other class of people. After all, we cannot allow that Mr. Corry's *superior* talents entitle him to arrogate all merit to himself: and although some of his productions are undoubtedly both ingenious and entertaining, he might perhaps borrow a little elegance, modesty, and erudition, even from those he satirizes, to embellish his *morality*.

Jonathan Scott's Tales, Anecdotes, &c.

THIS volume contains a selection of amusing trifles, translated from the Arabic and Persian. They are written with spirit and taste; some of the anecdotes are particularly entertaining.

The Flowers at Court. By Mrs. Reeves.

THIS little publication is designed for youthful readers, with a view to initiate them in the study of botany. Perhaps it may not be diffuse enough to answer that end, but it is certainly ingenious and diverting in the highest degree. It is written in verse, elegant and conspicuous; every line

containing a spirited allusion, or delicate sentiment, conveyed without the smallest ostentation. On the whole, we have no fault to find with it but that it is too short.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. VIII.

TO MEND GLASS, OR CHINA.

THE white of an egg, well beaten, and mixed up with quick lime, will cement glass or china firmly.

TO MAKE THE TEETH WHITE.

Burn the stems of a vine to ashes, powder it fine, and mix it with honey; rub the teeth therewith, and rinse the mouth with warm water.

FOR WHITLOES.

Take a little bay salt, pound it well, mix it with the yolk of an egg, and apply it to the part.

TO CLEAN WAINSCOT.

Mix a quantity of unslacked lime with strong soap lees, with which scour your wainscot, having first well washed it; cleanse it thoroughly with a flannel and very hot water, and it will look almost as well as if painted.

TO MAKE OLD PLATE LOOK LIKE NEW.

Take of sal ammoniac, roach alum, sal gem, tartar, and Roman vitriol, equal quantities; dissolve these ingredients in clear water, and put your plate into it, letting it lie for

several hours, then set it on the fire till it is completely heated; after which the plate may be taken out, wiped dry, and polished as usual, with soft leather and plate powder, or whitening.

AN EXCELLENT DRINK FOR A COUGH.

Take of the roots of elecampane, cut in small pieces, of hyssop, and of scraped liquorice, each two handfulls, steep them in a gallon of pure water, and let them boil gently until reduced to one quart, then strain it off, and stop it close for use. A draught of this may be taken, warm, three times a day.

APHORISMS.

SHAME.

VICE endeavours, in vain, to conceal itself; its image is stamped on the countenance of the guilty. The impudence of a woman is a sure mark of her infamy: it is because she has too much reason to blush that she ceases to blush any longer; and though shame may sometimes survive chastity, where must we look for chastity when shame itself is gone? *Rousseau.*

THOUGHT.

A HABIT of serious thinking arms us at all points, and plants security round our virtue, in the moment of greatest danger, when our minds are careless and unbent, and most accessible to passion and vice. *Looker On.*

PROPRIETY.

A WOMAN may be knowing, active, witty, and amusing, but without propriety she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableness meet. *Hannah More.*

DRAMATIC RECORDS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

ON Tuesday, Jan. 27, a Mr. Kent made his first appearance in the character of Sir George Airy, in the Busy Body, and was well received. His figure and deportment seem well adapted to characters of a similar kind; and, in genteel comedy, he may prove an acquisition to the theatre, though not a rival to Mr. Elliston, who excels so greatly in that line, that we are unwilling for him to relinquish it. Mr. Kent commenced his dramatic career at the theatrical nursery, in Berwick Street, and has materially improved his talents by study and practice in Mr. Cherry's company. Having a fine voice and considerable judgment, he has since performed the part of Alonzo in the Cabinet, but without meeting distinguishing applause.

On Wednesday, Feb. 8, Mr. Wright, from Edinburgh, appeared in the tragedy of Cato. We believe his success was not adequate to his expectations.

On Thursday, Feb. 9, a new farce was brought forward, called, The Unconscious Counterfeit. The characters were supported by the principal performers, who did ample justice to their respective parts.

THE PLOT.

Captain Dashwood, a gay dissipated youth, whose extravagance has involved him in pecuniary embarrassments, quits London to avoid a demand made upon him by an usurer, named Shufflebag, for 2000l. and, retiring into Wales, is received and entertained by the family of Oakdale, a rich citizen, whose daughter is engaged to young Belville, the nephew of Shufflebag. In consequence of a letter written by the usurer, Oakdale takes the Captain for Belville in disguise, and a variety of whimsical mistakes

ensue; Oakdale refusing to admit the real Belville until Shufflebag coming down with a bailiff to arrest Dashwood, an eclaircissement takes place, and the union of Belville with Miss Oakdale ensues; the lady finding in her destined husband the man of her choice.

This bagatelle is full of equivoque and diverting incidents; and though the plot is rather outré, there are no glaring faults to merit severe criticism. The piece was received with the most satisfactory approbation.

On Monday, Feb. 13, the character of Sir Peter Teazle, in the School for Scandal, was performed by a Mr. Ryley, from Liverpool; and although his efforts were not altogether successful, we cannot but express an interest in his behalf, from having perused with much pleasure a work of which he is the avowed author, called, "The Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor," the greatest part of which appears to be a narrative of facts; and we feel concerned that, in spite of every exertion to acquire fame and a comfortable maintenance for his declining years, Mr. Ryley is still fated to endure the mortifying sensation of disappointment, and remains exposed to the precarious vicissitudes of an itinerant life.

HAY-MARKET.

On Tuesday, Feb. 7, a new farce was performed at this theatre, entitled, "Is He a Prince?" The characters as follows:—

Baron Krakenburg	Mr. Munden.
Count Rosenblum	Mr. Liston.
Lindorf	Mr. Jones.
Moritz	Mr. Farley.
Bluffburg	Mr. Fawcet.
Miss Krakenburg	Mrs. Davenport.
Caroline	Miss Norton.

PLOT.

Caroline, the daughter of Baron Krakenburg, secretly attached to Captain Lindorf, is designed by her father for Count Rosenblum, a ridiculous self-conceited fop. Preparations being making for the inauguration of the young Prince of Anhalt, Miss Krakenburg sends to an eminent painter for a portrait of the prince, which she purposes to wear on the occasion. The picture, in a Morocco case, being delivered to Caroline, she eagerly compares it with a similar one in her possession of Captain Lindorf, and her aunt coming in at the critical moment, in confusion she gives the wrong portrait. The mistake appears of no consequence till Lindorf, attended by his faithful servant Moritz, arrives at the castle, with a letter of recommendation to the baron, and is no sooner beheld by Miss Krakenburg, than she communicates to the whole family that "he is the prince." Moritz being strictly questioned, and at his wit's end for a stratagem to unite the lovers, takes advantage of the absurd mistake, and declares that love for Caroline has induced the Duke of Anhalt to make this secret visit. The exultation and pride of the Krakenburg's now break forth with ridiculous extravagance; they prepare to pay obsequious homage to the supposed prince, whose situation is truly ridiculous. The vain Rosenblum, anxious for court favours, readily resigns his claim to the lady, and all goes on well till the uncle of Lindorf, old Bluffburg, arrives at the castle. To avoid a discovery, the prince declares that the old courtier has displeased him, and that he cannot endure his presence. Krakenburg, full of self-importance, treats his friend coolly, and he quits the castle; but returning unexpectedly, meets the pretended prince, and discovers the whole trick. The Krakenburg's, ashamed and mortified, to prevent exposure, consent to the union of the lovers, which concludes the farce.

This little piece is by the author of the "Portrait of Cervantes," and is replete with humour. The situations

are truly ridiculous, and the whole a most complete burlesque. It met with great applause, and owes much of its success to the spirited exertions of the excellent performers who filled the characters.

Observations on the Fashions.

Spencers of green, blue, or Spanish brown sarcenet, trimmed with swansdown, are likely to be very fashionable for the morning, with the cottage bonnet of straw or white beaver. For the afternoon, kerseymere or Indian silk mantles, with Spanish hat and feather to correspond.

No alteration is observable in the make of the dress. Small trains and long sleeves are still worn.

For full dress, white satin caps, richly spotted with chenille or velvet, and feathers. Opera tippet of white satin, with embroidered border or ermine trimming.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A walking dress of fine cambric.—A rich twilled silk mantle, with embroidered border; head dress to correspond.—Black kid shoes.

Fig. 2.—A Spanish white beaver hat and white ostrich feathers.—Dress of plain leno, with a stomacher front, over a pink sarcenet slip, the cord to lace the gown down to the feet.—Buff gloves.—White kid shoes.—Diamond necklace.

LONDON DRESSES for MARCH 1809.

Published March 1 1809. by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
3 OCT 19

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

LINES

To the Memory of

THE LAMENTED SIR JOHN MOORE.

IF splendid merit, or exalted praise,
Call forth the poet's tributary lays;
If virtues which the good and brave revere,
Demand the sacred tribute of a tear;
May I presume to celebrate his fame,
Or breathe a sigh to his departed name,
Whose valour and whose worth unrivall'd stand,
Whose services and death a tear demand?
A tear, illustrious hero!—poor reward!
And cheap and mean with thy deserts compar'd!
A tear, alas! is all we now can give,
Is all, alas! that thou can'st now receive.
But if to zeal and bravery we may
Our undisguis'd and heartfelt homage pay,
On him bestow the meed of just applause,
That fought and bled in freedom's sacred cause,—
Then live thy name, great chief! and high renown,
Which on thy country has new lustre thrown;
And thy exploits through each succeeding age,
Recorded, flourish in th' historic page;

Be this thy praise, and never-fading wreath,
To save from base captivity and death,
Thy country's pride and glory,—to restore
Its brave defenders to their native shore;
To teach the haughty and insulting foe,
To British skill and bravery to bow;
To pay a tribute to thy well-earn'd fame,
And to respect and fear the British name.

Alas! thy early death, illustrious Moore!
A grateful nation deeply will deplore,
And national munificence shall prove
Th' extent of national respect and love:
But on a surer basis rests thy claim
To glory's *meed*, and never-dying fame;
The sculptur'd statue, and the laurell'd bust,
Destroying time shall humble in the dust;
The marble monument shall soon decay,
And at time's potent touch consume away;
But thy unfading honours long shall bloom,
And tell thy fame to ages yet to come.

C. M.

LINES

ON RECEIVING A RING FROM JANE.

L'ambre ne répand pas un parfum aussi doux que les objets touchés par l'objet que l'on aime.

Paul et Virginia.

WHAT need, dearest Jane! of a present from you,
Your image more deeply t' engrave on my heart?
Dost think when those beauties no longer I view,
That my love and myself will together depart?

You may tell me, perhaps, that another's soft smile
May extinguish the passion with which that heart glows;
But trust me, my Jane, tho' its scent may beguile,
We, in viewing the violet, forget not the rose.

How oft I have sigh'd when the dew of thy kiss,
By the rude passing breeze from my lips has been chas'd;
But the kiss was too sweet, and too valued the bliss,
From my *mem'ry's best seat* to be ever eras'd.

Tho' my truth to preserve I no token require,
Yet "this small golden circle" hath magical pow'rs,
An affection and care for itself to inspire,
Since "this small golden circle," dear Jane, *once was yours.*

W. R.

FABLE

OF THE FLY AND THE SPIDER.

IT was down in a cellar, all dusty and drear,
Where cobwebs hung pendant for many a year,
A spider, malignant, in ambush did dwell,
And encreas'd every morning his hair-woven cell;
So fierce were his features, so dreadful his looks,
That his neighbours ne'er dar'd e'en to stir from their nooks.
It befel on a time, when in corner so sly,
He espy'd in his dwelling an unthinking fly;
Th' unfortunate insect perceiving the snare,
To the spider thus made a most pitiful pray'r,
O permit me to go, and I'll take better care;
No more in your mansion I'll trespass again,
In your breast, then, let pity infuse her domain.
When the spider reply'd, no, I'll ne'er let you go,
So have done with your 'plainings, and give o'er your woe;
For know, you to-day shall be made an example,
To others who dare on my threshold to trample,

Then extending his fangs he inflicted a wound,
And the poor little insect in agony groan'd:
But scarce had the villain accomplish'd the deed,
When down from the ceiling he came in full speed;
And falling direct in a candle's pale flame,
It consum'd to a cinder his unfeeling frame.

Thus the tyrant who governs with despotic sway,
Fills the hearts of his subjects with dread and dismay;
And should fate lead a victim with sorrows replete,
For pardon and freedom t' implore at his feet;
He, with pity unmov'd, views the tear-spangled face,
Whilst he frowns, and replies in a negative case.
His heart it is callous, ah! callous as stone,
For, alas! in his bosom sweet mercy ne'er shone;
But justice, ere ready at punishing guilt,
Spills the blood of the murderer for that which is spilt;
He bids grimly death his fell weapon extend,
And the merciless wretch shares an untimely end.

Finsbury, Jan. 7, 1809. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

THE LANDSCAPE.

THIS little landscape, dear to me,
While life remains shall ever be;
And when from N——— I'm torn away,
The sport of fortune's idle play;
This little landscape, dear to me,
While life remains shall ever be.

And when amid the world's career,
Should fashion lead, and folly steer,
Perhaps transported by its smiles,
Its pleasant paths and pleasant wiles;
Yet still these scenes I'll keep in view,
Whatever track I may pursue.

Or, when oppress'd by grief and care,
I feel the pangs of fell despair;
Dejected, wounded, and forlorn,
This breast with secret anguish torn;
'Tis then, O then, I seek to view,
Those scenes so dear, those scenes so true.

The meadow's gay enamell'd space,
Where herds in gambols frisk and chase,
The rippling stream, that gurgles down,
Through edder banks of fosse brown;
Its murmuring sound attracts my ear,
As oft I wander lone and drear.

The village church, whose mouldering spire
Hath witness'd many a mouldering sire,
And many a maid and youth, I ween,
Entomb'd within its church-yard green;
And yet its scenes are dear to view,
Tho' planted round in heaps of yew.

Now in the vale the cottage peeps,
And there the maid of sorrow weeps,
A dawning plant of modest hue,
But blighted now by sorrow's dew;
Remote she loves those scenes to view,
Those scenes so dear, those scenes so true.

This little landscape, dear to me,
While life remains shall ever be;
And when from N—— I'm forc'd hence,
The sport of fortune, and of chance,
This little landscape, dear to me,
While life remains shall ever be.

Oct. 25. MARY C.

DERBYSHIRE.

ACROSTIC.

L OVE is but a morning shade,
O ft decreases with the sun;
V alu'd *friendship* ne'er will fade,
E re our earthly course is run.

T. R.

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

CHOIRS seraphic, lend your fire,
While I strike the thrilling lyre,
To hail the natal day;
Which gave to earth's contracted space,
A female blest with heav'nly face,
And beauty's bland array.

Hail! lovely maid, with charms endu'd,
Which twenty summers have renew'd,
With graces lovely, new;
What heart such beauty can withstand,
Which piercing all, must all command,
And ev'ry breast subdue.

Venus and Cupid gave thee charms,
In manly breasts to feed alarms,
And raise a tender flame;
Wisdom, prudence, Pallas gave,
From lawless passions thee to save,
And keep thy virgin fame.

Thus blest with life-instructive light,
May you enjoy each sweet delight,
And bask in pleasure's ray;
May you a tender partner find,
Who's ever pleasing, ever kind,
And will your love repay.

Dec. 1808. *C.*

CHARADES.

1.

MY *first* giveth life, strength, and heat,
And dispels either sorrow or shade;
It is worshipp'd by some as a God,
But, believe me, by God it was made.

My *second* is what my first does,
When a rain-storm has wetted the earth;
When, bending the beautiful rose,
Seems to weep o'er the infant buds' birth.

My *whole*, which you'll easily guess,
Is a term for small matters, I ween;
That *this is one* too, I'll confess,
Now, ladies, explain what I mean.

J. M. L.

2.

AS gentle as zephyrs that waft a soft air,
And fan an ambrosial breeze;
As mild as two doves, which from tenderness pair,
To tell a soft tale amidst trees.

So mild and so gentle, my *first* then appears,
Yet, alas! without any avail!
For mankind are so savage, it ne'er measures years,
But bleeds, to afford a regale.

My *second's* a father, a cousin, or son,
Tho' any relation's the same;
My first and my second united, are one!
Then tell me, dear ladies, its name?

P.

SOLUTION

TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

I HAD a cat;—'Well, well,' you cry,
'Good Mister Poet, what of her?'
Why, when this cat was pleas'd, then I
Was pleas'd with pussy's happy *pur*.

But cat's will eat, and soon I found
'Twas not a little would content her;
Poets are poor! so to a friend,
Who liv'd at *Ely*, then I sent her.

The cat does well, I'm glad to hear,
You'll say I acted right most surely:
But yet you will not say, I fear,
I've told my story very *purely*.

A. B. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"LINES to Miss B."—"On Rural Recollections"—"Sophia"—"A Pastoral on Absence," &c. are intended for early insertion; also Lines translated from the French.

We have received such a number of verses on the subject of Sir John Moore's Death, that we are puzzled to determine which is most deserving of insertion; and as only one can appear, we trust that our other correspondents will not be displeased at a preference, which was only occasioned by the claim of priority.

We shall be particularly obliged to J. M. L. for the poetical Tale he mentions.

Charlotte has our thanks; she will find that the solution of the Charade has been anticipated: her other favours are acceptable, and shall appear next month.

We have to request that our friend Mrs. P. will favour us with a continuation of "Highland Characters," of which we have been some time in expectation.

Crown Princess of Denmark

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